of Easter Island in the waste of water ? The Cook Islands make a pretty group on the map, but how know whither to sail from Raratonga to pick up Aitutaki ? There is nothing to be seen until the navigator is but a league or two distant.

Probably only the successful voyages found record, says the historian, hiding how many grim tragedies of the ocean beneath a mouthful of words ! Skall to the unknown brave who put so gallantly to sea and never returned therefrom, and to the mothers and wives of an imperial race who bore and sent them again and again down to the insatiable sea in ships 1 For the rest, the great first voyages were probably made by fleets of ten or more canoes strung out across the face of the ocean to the utmost limit which would permit of naviga-tion in touch with one another. In a sweep of sixty miles of sight we may suppose them to have come, climbing the great rollers, descending the vast

depths. Thirteen hundred years ago, Ui-
te-rangiora
—hard as his name is, remember it; it is
the name
of a hero—sailed in some such fleet far
far to the
south. The daring navigator left in
the tradition
of this semi-tropical people accounts of
icebergs—